

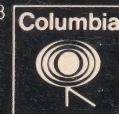
Bruce Springsteen

GREETINGS

FROM

**BRIDGE
TOWNSHIP
N.J.**

N.J.



Bruce Springsteen

Side One

BLINDED BY THE LIGHT

Madman drummers bummers
and Indians in the summer
with a teenage diplomat
In the dumps with the mumps as
the adolescent pumps his
way into his hat
With a boulder on my shoulder,
feelin' kinda older I tripped
the merry-go-round
With this very unpleasing
sneezing and wheezing the
calliope crashed to the ground
Some all-hot half-shot was
headin' for the hot spot
snappin' his fingers
clappin' his hands,
And some fleshpot mascot was
tied into a lover's knot with a
whatnot in her hand
And now young Scott with a
slingshot finally found a
tender spot and throws his
lover in the sand
And some bloodshot forget-me-
not whispers daddy's within
earshot save the buckshot
turn up the band

And she was blinded by the light
Cut loose like a deuce another
runner in the night
Blinded by the light
She got down but she never got
tight, but she'll make it alright

Some brimstone baritone anti-
cyclone rolling stone preacher
from the east

He says, "Dethrone the dicta-
phone, hit it in its funny bone,
that's where they expect it
least."

And some new-mown chaperone
was standin' in the corner
all alone watchin' the young
girls dance

And some fresh-sown moonstone
was messin' with his frozen
zone to remind him of the
feeling of romance

Yeah he was blinded by the light
Cut loose like a deuce another
runner in the night
Blinded by the light
He got down but he never got
tight, but he's gonna make
it tonight

Some silicone sister with her
manager's mister told me I
got what it takes

She said I'll turn you on sonny,
to something strong if you
play that song with the funky
break,

And go-cart Mozart was checkin'
out the weather chart to see if
it was safe to go outside
And little Early-Pearly came by in

her curly-wurly and asked me
if I needed a ride.

Oh, some hazard from Harvard
was skunked on beer playin'
backyard bombardier
Yes and Scotland Yard was
trying hard, they sent some
dude with a calling card,
he said, Do what you like, but
don't do it here.

Well, I jumped up, turned
around, spit in the air, fell on
the ground
Asked him which was the way
back home

He said take a right at the light,
keep goin' straight until night,
and then, boy, you're on
your own.

And now in Zanzibar a shootin'
star was ridin' in a side car
hummin' a lunar tune

Yes, and the avatar said blow
the bar but first remove the
cookie jar we're gonna teach
those boys to laugh too soon.

And some kidnapped handicap
was complainin' that he
caught the clap from some
mousetrap he bought last
night,

Well I unsnapped his skull cap
and between his ears
I saw
a gap but figured he'd be
all right

He was just blinded by the light
Cut loose like a deuce another
runner in the night

Blinded by the light
Mama always told me not to look
into the sights of the sun
Oh but mama that's where
the fun is

GROWIN' UP

I stood stone-like at midnight
suspended in my masquerade
I combed my hair till it was just
right and commanded the
night brigade

I was open to pain and crossed
by the rain and I walked on a
crooked crutch

I strolled all alone through a
fallout zone and came out with
my soul untouched

I hid in the clouded wrath of
the crowd but when they
said "Sit down," I stood up.

Ooh . . . growin' up.

The flag of piracy flew from
my mast, my sails were set
wing to wing

I had a jukebox graduate for
first mate, she couldn't sail
but she sure could sing,

I pushed B-52 and bombed 'em
with the blues with my gear
set stubborn on standing
I broke all the rules, strafed

GREETINGS FROM ASBURY PARK, N.J.

Side One:

Blinded By The Light

Growin' Up

Mary Queen Of Arkansas

Does This Bus Stop At
82nd Street?

Lost In The Flood

Side Two:

The Angel

For You

Spirit In The Night

It's Hard To Be A Saint In
The City

The selections are ASCAP.



my old high school, never once
gave thought to landing,
I hid in the clouded warmth of
the crowd but when they said,
"Come down," I threw up,
Ooh . . . growin' up.

I took month-long vacations in
the stratosphere and you know
it's really hard to hold your
breath,

I swear I lost everything I
ever loved or feared, I was the
cosmic kid in full costume dress,
Well, my feet they finally took
root in the earth but I got me
a nice little place in the stars
And I swear I found the key to
the universe in the engine of
an old parked car

I hid in the mother breast of
the crowd but when they said,
"Pull down," I pulled up
Ooh . . . growin' up. Ooh . . .
growin' up.

MARY QUEEN OF ARKANSAS

Mary queen of Arkansas, it's not
too early for dreamin'
The sky is grown with cloud
seed sown and a bastard's love
can be redeeming

Mary, my queen, your soft hulk
is reviving
No, you're not too late to
desecrate, the servants are
just rising.

Well I'm just a lonely acrobat,
the live wire is my trade

I've been a shine boy for your
acid brat and a wharf rat
of your state
Mary, my queen, your blows for
freedom are missing
You're not man enough for me to
hate or woman enough
for kissing.

The big top is for dreamers,
we can take the circus all the
way to the border
And the gallows wait for martyrs
whose papers are in order
But I was not born to live to die
and you were not born
for queenin'
It's not too late to infiltrate,
the servants are just leavin'.

Mary queen of Arkansas, your
white skin is deceivin'
You wake and wait to lie in bait
and you almost got me
believin'
But on your bed Mary I can see
the shadow of a noose
I don't understand how you
can hold me so tight and love
me so damn loose.

But I know a place where
we can go Mary
Where I can get a good job and
start all over again clean
I got contacts deep in Mexico
where the servants have
been seen.

DOES THIS BUS STOP AT 82nd Street?

Hey bus driver keep the change,
bless your children, give
them names
don't trust men who walk
with canes
drink this and you'll grow wings
on your feet
Broadway Mary, Joan Fontaine,
advertiser on a downtown
train
Christmas crier bustin' cane,
he's in love again.

Where dock worker's dreams
mix with panther's schemes to
someday own the rodeo
Tainted women in Vistavision
perform for out-of-state kids
at the late show.

Wizardimps and sweat sock
pimps, interstellar mongrel
nymphs

Rex said that lady left him limp.
Love's like that (sure it is).
Queen of diamonds, ace of
spades, newly discovered
lovers of the everglades
They take out a full page ad
in the trades to announce
their arrival

And Mary Lou she found out
how to cope, she rides to
heaven on a gyroscope

The Daily News asks her for
the dope
She says, "Man, the dope's that
there's still hope."

Señorita, Spanish rose, wipes
her eyes and blows her nose
Uptown in Harlem she throws a
rose to some lucky, young
matador.

LOST IN THE FLOOD

The ragamuffin gunner is
returnin' home like a hungry
runaway

He walks through town all alone
He must be from the fort he hears
the high school girls say

His countryside's burnin' with
wolfman fairies dressed in
drag for homicide

The hit and run, plead sanctuary,
'neath a holy stone they hide
They're breakin' beams and
crosses with a spastic's reelin'
perfection

nuns run bald through Vatican
halls pregnant, pleadin'
immaculate conception

And everybody's wrecked on
Main Street from drinking
unholy blood

Sticker smiles sweet as gunner
breathes deep, his ankles
caked in mud

And I said, "Hey, gunner man,
that's quicksand, that's
quicksand that ain't mud

Have you thrown your senses
to the war or did you lose them
in the flood?"

That pure American brother,
dull-eyed and empty-faced
races Sundays in Jersey in a
Chevy stock super eight

He rides 'er low on the hip, on
the side he's got Bound
For Glory in red, white and
blue flash paint

He leans on the hood telling
racing stories, the kids call him
Jimmy The Saint

Well that blaze and noise boy,
he's gunnin' that bitch loaded
to blazin' point

He rides head first into a
hurricane and disappears into
a point

And there's nothin' left but some
blood where the body fell
That is, nothin' left that you
could sell

just junk all across the horizon, a
real highwayman's farewell

And I said, "Hey kid, you think
that's oil? Man, that ain't oil
that's blood."

I wonder what he was thinking
when he hit that storm
or was he just lost in the flood?

Eighth Avenue sailors in satin
shirts whisper in the air

(Continued)



BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
GREETINGS FROM
ASBURY PARK, N. J.

JC 31903
STEREO

SIDE 1
AL 31903
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- 1. BLINDED BY THE LIGHT 5:02
- 2. GROWIN' UP 3:05
- 3. MARY QUEEN OF ARKANSAS 5:20
- 4. DOES THIS BUS STOP AT 82nd STREET? 2:05
- 5. LOST IN THE FLOOD 5:14

-B. Springsteen-

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BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
GREETINGS FROM
ASBURY PARK, N. J.

JC 31903
STEREO

SIDE 2
BL 31903
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- 1. THE ANGEL 3:23
 - 2. FOR YOU 4:39
 - 3. SPIRIT IN THE NIGHT 4:58
 - 4. IT'S HARD TO BE A SAINT IN THE CITY 3:13
- B. Springsteen-

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